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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

RUSSIA'S NUN-PRINCESS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Widow of Russia's Murdered Grand Duke Sergius.

The foreign relations continue to arrive at Buckingham Palace, amongst them the Grand Duchess Sergius, who is a nun, and His Majesty's first cousin. The Grand Duchess Sergius is the sister also of the Tsarina, and their mother was that beloved Princess Alice who was King Edward's youngest sister, and who married the late Grand Duke of Hesse. Her daughter, Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, went to St. Petersburg in June, 1884, to become the bride of a Grand Duke, who lived to be the best-hated man in Russia. All his life he was asking for assassination! And he got it. For years he was the most powerful man in Europe, being virtual ruler of All the Russias, owing to his extraordinary ascendancy over the Tsar. Grand Duke Sergius earned the execrable nickname of "Prince Khodynsky," as a result of the terrible catastrophe which took place on the Khodynsky Field during the Tsar's Coronation festivities, when thousands of peasants were crushed to death all owing to a quarrel which Grand Duke Sergius had with Count von Pahlen. After that, as Governor of Moscow, Grand Duke Sergius ruled Russia's Holy City with a rod of iron. His pet sport was Jew-baiting, and his revolting cruelty to the Hebrews of Russia made his name execrated throughout the world.

* * *

Ghastly Record of "Prince Khodynsky!"

On his arrival in Moscow, as the successor of Prince Dolgouroky, Grand Duke Sergius found a number of Jewish artisans resident there in virtue of a special law of Nicholas I., bestowing this right upon veteran soldiers. "Moscow is the heart of Holy Russia, and must be purged of the plague of Jews," said the new Governor-General. The "purging" commenced at once. By a single stroke of the pen all these artisans, with their wives and children, were driven out of the oldest Russian capital, deprived of their means of subsistence, and many of them were photographed with gyves on their feet and irons on their hands, as they journeyed out into the wide world. Police raids and nocturnal battues were periodically arranged, and the Jews were hunted as though they were wild beasts. At last the Grand Duke was formally condemned to death by the revolutionists, and the decree was carried out promptly, the Grand Duke being murdered in February, 1905. Since then his widow has joined a Russian nunnery, and secluded herself from the world. She appeared at Buckingham Palace on Friday morning, just before Their Majesties left for Bristol, and later in the day visited Queen Alexandra and the Russian Dowager Empress at Marlborough House.

* * *

The Peer who "Played the Game!"

It is safe to say that there is no peer in Britain more truly respected to-day than young Lord Northampton. There is something truly pathetic in his Lordship's story of disappointed love, and his determined resignation to the decrees of a position from which he can never escape. "I feel I have nothing left to live for," sounds strange from the pen of a young peer in the fulness of youth and health and with a million of money at his disposal. At the same time, Lord Northampton has undoubtedly done "the right thing." Daisy Markham's position as "Marchioness of Northampton" would have been an impossible one. It is said that Lord Northampton is already preparing for a big game shooting expedition in Uganda, and we can only hope that "Time the Healer" will be as generous to his Lordship as he is to lesser folk. Precedent, however, in the Compton family is against this probability. Lord Northampton's abortive love affair is not the first in the family. His Lordship's great-great-grandfather "fell in love," and met with the most violent opposition from then Marquess. He was shooting in Scotland and met with an accident. They conveyed him to the house of a Highland laird, where he was tenderly nursed back to health by the laird's daughter, Miss MacLean of Torloisk.

* * *

Lord Compton and the Laird's Daughter.

Young Lord Compton fell in love with Miss MacLean, and as soon as he could return south he told his father all about his little romance, and asked the paternal blessing. But the old Marquess would have nothing to do with the idea of a daughter of a mere Scottish laird, and, like the stern parent in an old-fashioned novel, he bade his son pack his trunks and go off for a roam in foreign parts until the fever should have abated. So off young Lord Compton went, and no doubt during his sojourn abroad he had "a good time." But when he found himself back in the old country the first thing Lord Compton did was to go off to Torloisk to see if his lady-love was still true. When he reached the Isle of Skye he found that time had not withered nor custom staled the love of the laird's daughter, and there and then he asked her to marry him.

* * *

A Fair Maid Who Could Heal Lord Northampton's Wounds.

So they decided to wed, and chance the paternal wrath. However, the old Marquess relented before the wedding, and as the lady was her father's heiress, Torloisk will belong to the House of Northampton as well as the bride. Of late the place was last occupied by the late Lord Alwyn Compton, Lord Northampton's uncle, who originated "Compton's Horse" during the war in South Africa. Whether Lord Northampton will take the bull by the horns, and now wed Daisy Markham, is, of course, another story. His Lordship has behaved like a true British gentleman, and we wish him real felicity whenever he takes the matrimonial plunge. If his Lordship calls at Cairo on his way to South Africa, he might do worse than look up Lady Clare Annesley, who is twenty, very charming and graceful, and would make a delightful chatelaine at Castle Ashby!

* * *

Earl who Carried Off His Bride in a Basket.

Romance has distinguished the Compton family from time immemorial. Most people have heard the story of how the first Earl of Northampton carried off Lord Spencer's daughter in a baker's basket from Canonbury. The Spencer property in Canonbury still forms part of the Northampton estates, and to this day the tower of Canonbury Place still remains and forms the last link with the fortunes of the Spencer family of the sixteenth century. When Lord Northampton came of age seven years ago his father had a special train to take all his Clerkenwell friends down to Castle Ashby for the celebrations. Castle Ashby is one of the stateliest houses in England, and Sir William Compton bought it from the Earl of Kent in the reign of Henry VIII. The place is crammed with the works of Janssens, West, van Dyck, Romney, Buckner, Gerard, Ostade, and Copley. There is a fine old English stateliness about the Northampton family, and a respect for paternal and maternal feeling which does the Comptons infinite credit. The Comptons are, in a sense, born

"These elaborate hats you wear will simply bring me to ruin."
"Well, dear, surely I make up for it by wearing very little in the way of clothes!"

the odour of sanctity, for the distinguishing features of their ancestral abode are the texts from the Bible which are built into the battlements, and which can be read for miles.

* * *

Did the Pending "Breach" Case Hasten the Late Marquess's Death.

Lord Northampton's father was, of course, a very religious man, whose chief delight was Exeter Hall, and the irving of pulpits, lamps, and other ecclesiastical paraphernalia to churches. It is highly probable that the pending proceedings in the recent case hastened the death of the late Lord Northampton, for although he had suffered for some time from rheumatoid arthritis, his death took place from heart weakness, twenty minutes after his arrival at Acqui in Italy, less than a month ago. His good works continued right up till his death, for only the day before he died he had addressed a meeting in connection with his training-ship scheme for boys in blind-alley employment. By the way, Lord Northampton is down for a meeting with the King in a few days, when he is going to St. James's Palace to return the Garter, which his late father wore. King George will have a compassionate interest in the young peer, whom he has not so far met.

* * *

What Mr. Asquith Dare Not Do.

Another young peer who has a Garter to return is the new Duke of Sutherland, and there are now several Garters for bestowal upon distinguished peers. The one worn by the late Duke of Abercorn, who died last January, has not yet been conferred upon anybody. Earl Grey is down to receive one of these, as already announced in these columns some weeks ago, and Earl Curzon of Kedleston is another future K.G. It may be mentioned that the King has very little to do with the conferment of the Garter, it being usually indicated by the Prime Minister, who adopts this method of rewarding peers who have done good service to the party in power. That is, of course, why Earl Spencer has just got his Garter. One thing Mr. Asquith dare not do. He dare not request the King to confer the Garter upon one of his own peers! The Garter remains the most exclusive and most important Order in the world.

* * *

The Secret of Lady Sackville's Parentage.

The Sackville case has provided the most sensational *cause célèbre* of recent years. There is one little mystery, however, which has not been cleared up in the "revelations," and as it is troubling quite a number of smart folk who think they know everything about the best people, we will elucidate it. The puzzle is: How comes it that Lady Sackville always refers to the late Lord Sackville as her father, when everybody knows that old Lord Sackville was never married. That Lady Sackville is the daughter of the old Lord there is no doubt, and, as her Ladyship remarked on Friday, "she never left him." The story is full of romance. Lady Sackville is herself half a Spanish dancer, for her mother was that fascinating Spanish senorita known for so many years as "Pepita da Oliva." During the late Lord Sackville's days as an *attaché* at the British embassy in Madrid, he fell in love with Pepita, who was the wife of a brother "professional," to whom she was married at Milan on the 10th of January, 1851. Lord Sackville (then Mr. Lionel Sackville-West) and Pepita took up their quarters on the same side of the house, and continued to live in a state of connubial harmony for the rest of their lives.

* * *

Lady Sackville's Position in the Peerage.

Six children were born of the *liaison*, one of whom is the now famous Lady Sackville. Lord Sackville did "the right thing" by Pepita, and he never married; and the heir to the title was, until Lord Sackville's death, the son of his brother, the late Colonel West. Old Lord Sackville,

though very hard up for cash, possessed some of the most priceless objects of art in England at his ancestral place at Knole, and in order that his illegitimate daughter Victoria should have what he had to leave, he arranged that the heir to the title should marry her. Lady Sackville, although she has no legal birthright to peerage rank, and owes her title to her husband, is, nevertheless, more closely related to the late owner of historic Knole than her husband. For years her brother, one of the sons of old Lord Sackville and Pepita da Oliva, tried to wrest the title from the present Lord Sackville, but he failed all ways, the fact of his mother being the wife of Juan da Oliva all the years that she lived with Lord Sackville being an insuperable bar to his success, although, had he been able, the late Lord Sackville would undoubtedly have legitimised his son, of whom he was very fond.

* * *

The Unlucky Byngs.

The frequent evidences of the interest of our readers in these paragraphs is always welcome. One of our genealogical readers takes us to task for stating in our recent notes upon the tragedies in the family of the Earl of Strafford that Thomas Wentworth, the first earl, who was beheaded, was the forebear of the present line. He says the Earls of Strafford of the present line are unrelated to the famous first Earl. Our correspondent is, however, himself in error. The first Earl of Strafford's titles passed to his son, William Wentworth. At his death his estates and his Barony of Raby fell to his nephew, who, on the 4th of September, 1711, was re-created Earl of Strafford. His daughter, Anne Wentworth, became his heiress, and she married the second Lord Rockingham, the ancestor of Burke's Marquess of Rockingham. Lord Rockingham's daughter, the Lady Anne Wentworth, married a Byng, one of the sons of the first Viscount Torrington, and their son became a Field Marshal of England, and was rewarded for his distinguished services in the Peninsula and at Waterloo with an earl's coronet. He was a very brave man, and was twice thanked by Parliament for his services to his country, while the King, by ennobling him, recognised "the signal intrepidity and heroic valor displayed by him in the action fought at Mongerre, near Bayonne, December 16th, 1813," and, as "a further mark of the Royal approbation, gave him permission to bear as an honourable augmentation to his armorial ensigns, the colours of the 31st Regiment of Foot, which he himself planted that day in the enemy's lines." Descended, therefore, from the old Earls of Strafford, it was the most natural thing in the world that when the Field Marshal was himself made an earl he should take the historic title of Strafford, being, as he was, the blood representative of the martyred first Earl of that ilk.

EXCELSIOR.

"Good evening, sir!"

"I think not," I retorted. "Taking into consideration the fact that at the present moment a considerable volume of rain is descending, your eulogy is utterly unjustified."

"Of course, sir. I was merely passing a greeting which is quite customary, not passing a judgment on the weather. No offence meant, and none taken, I hope. I have really come to see if I may put you down as a subscriber to a new edition of Shakespeare's Works."

"But Shakespeare's dead," I said in amazement.

"Er—yes. I believe so, sir."

"Then you surely don't expect me to buy his Works? Why, he must be dead some considerable time."...

"But this is an extra special edition; it has stop-press items and the volume 'Romeo and Juliet'—"

"Oh, I know," I interrupted; "that's the story of the Johnny who went to sea, stabbed the captain and turned buccaneer. No thanks! I only read high-class and standard authors, my man. Have you no new edition of Charles Garvice?"

"But Shakespeare —"

"Is dead. Charles Garvice or there is nothing doing." I smiled sweetly and sadly. "Good-night."

E. DE B.

Most of Love's classes are taught at night school.

* * *

Philanthropy is the most effective form of advertising.

* * *

"If it wasn't for car fare and luncheon," says a bachelor, "a woman wouldn't have any need of money when she goes shopping." But every married man knows better.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

The Johannesburg Strike.

We are endeavouring to preserve an open mind regarding the merits of the astounding strike of Rand miners, but it is a difficult task when we remember the blood and treasure that was poured out during the South African War at the behest, and for the benefit—as most thinking people of all shades of politics now admit—of a gang of cosmopolitan financiers, who have ever since been doing their utmost to prevent white men from making a living on their gold-fields. It should be recognised by everybody that the cable reports of the trouble are entirely one-sided—needless to say, the capitalists' side. Practically all the newspapers of the Transvaal are owned, or controlled, by the Randlords (you will have noticed that the offices of the *Johannesburg Star* were destroyed), and Reuter's correspondents and their confrères of the Central News Agency are members of the staff of one or other of these newspapers, so that a plain and unvarnished report cannot be expected from them. If they did not state the case from the Randlords' point of view, they would promptly get the order of the boot. That being so, it is plain that no English newspaper is in a position at present to deal adequately with the situation, and comment should therefore be reserved for the moment.

* * *

Briton Kills Briton.

At any rate, whatever the men's grievances may be, their riotous conduct has brought upon them a terrible punishment, and it is not pleasant to think that that punishment has been inflicted by British troops in the pay of the Crown—that is to say, of the British taxpayer. As South Africa's contribution to the British Exchequer—either for the Army or Navy—is infinitesimal, we trust the use of British troops in this instance will lead to a demand for the immediate withdrawal of the South African garrison, for it is intolerable that British subjects—a large proportion of the miners are Cornishmen—should be shot down to protect the property of a few mining magnates who are not British in any sense of the word. Men do not take the law into their own hands except under great provocation, and we know that the provocation has been extreme, and that the ostensible cause of the strike was only the cutting

PEOPLE WHO BORE US: No. 5.—The next-door neighbour who is an expert critic of other people's gardening operations.

DOUBLY EXPENSIVE.

Fortune Teller : " You will marry a man of fifty " ——
Client : " Great Scott ! Fifty ! Couldn't you make it, say, two at twenty-five ? "
Fortune Teller : " Well, you would have to pay more."

nating point of a series of tyrannies. We shall have more to say on this subject when independent information of the whole struggle reaches this country.

* * *

Blood and Gold.

It would, however, be well, here and now, to remind our readers of a few preliminary facts regarding the attitude of the mining magnates towards their employees, and to this country in general. In the first place the last Boer War was deliberately provoked because the financiers who rule the Rand got tired of bribing Paul Kruger, and paying fancy prices for dynamite and other necessities—in short, of paying their footing. They were convinced that life would be far easier and more lucrative for them under British Government. They got it—we paid the bill. Then came the Chinese labour question. The Transvaal did not want Chinese labour, and had to be starved into submission. Plenty of native labour was available, but the Chamber of Mines did not want it. They thought Chinese labour would be cheaper. They got their way. But it was soon found that the Chinese were very expensive, and after a reign of terror on the Rand, when white men in outlying districts had to defend their lives and property against marauding gangs of Chinese criminals, the Chinese returned whence they came. It may be imagined that the Liberal Government of this country, and the ridiculous "Chinese Slavery" cry, were responsible for the cessation of the importation of yellow labourers, but the real reason was that the mine-owners found they had made a miscalculation, and they allowed the Chinese to go almost without a fight.

* * *

No Openings for White Men.

Although the demand for native labour elsewhere in South Africa was very much greater after than before the Chinese experiment, no difficulty was found in supplying the places of the returned Celestials, and ever since the number of South African natives employed in the mines has increased week by week. All this is ancient history, however. The point we wish to make is that—Chinese labour or Kafir labour—the white man has never been given a chance. White men must have votes, and their votes would mean an end to the despotic power of the Randlords. Hence it has been a set policy to keep down the numbers of white men employed, to make their tenure of employment precarious, and to make them the slaves of their employers. Goaded at last to desperation the miners have revolted, and British troops have been called in to suppress them. In accordance with precedent somebody else must do the paying, and hence it is quite orthodox that the South African Government, and not the capitalists, are to have the privilege of compensating strike-breakers and of providing for the victims of those who have fallen in the fray. It is a curious sidelight upon the position that General Botha, the South African Premier, and thus the man who has to shoulder the responsibility, was placed in power largely by the votes of the men who have been striking. His hand has, of course, been forced—for those who resort to violence, even in a just cause, must expect to meet with violence—but there is not the slightest doubt that his sympathies lie with the strikers and not with their oppressors.

* * *

The Balking Balkans.

The promising little war among the Balkan nations will surprise nobody who has any knowledge of these delightful peoples, and that they should behave like a lot of snapping snarling curs wrangling over a bone is the natural sequence of the downfall of the Turk and the opportunity to share out his territory. Those misguided individuals who appealed to our sympathies on religious grounds—the "gallant little nations fighting to free their brethren of the Cross from the oppression of the sons of Mahomet" sort of thing—must now be feeling very small. With all his faults, and in spite of his religion, the Turk is a gentleman as compared with his victorious enemies, who, despite their normal Christianity, are little better than savages, taken in the bulk. Every European traveller knows that when Greek and Bulgar and Serb happen to be gathered

together under the roof of the same hotel, it is an extremely difficult task to restrain them from flying at one another's throats. They hate one another as much as they hate the Turk—even more, and it is an utter delusion to think that a lasting peace can come until one or the other has proved himself top-dog, and brought all the other curs to heel.

* * *

Are Bald Men Good?

To give the "Daily Mirror" its due, it does manage occasionally to rake up some interesting topics, which with the aid of an imaginative special investigator are converted into a quite appetising hash. We have been attracted this week by an account of a census of baldheads, which was taken last week-end in a number of London theatres, music-halls, and churches. It was intended to show that jokes about the bald heads in the stalls are merely traditional and have no foundation in fact, and naturally the figures fitted in with this theory. Curiously enough the Shaftesbury Theatre, which has perhaps the wittiest musical show in London just now, showed a percentage of only nine bald-headed gentlemen, as against 21 per cent. for the Alhambra. We are not quite clear that this proves anything, even if reinforced with the alleged fact that the percentage of hairless in four churches ranged between 25 and 38. The conclusion drawn is that baldness is really a concomitant of respectability and not a sign of depravity—that is, of course, if it denotes a depraved taste to sit in the stalls of a first-class theatre. This may be so, but we should require much more reliable data than are afforded by a Saturday-night tour of the musical comedies and halls, when most of the regular patrons are "week-ending"; and moreover people who can afford stall seats can also afford to pay for the services of a good barber, and certainly the thatch has not been worn off their skulls through other people stepping up over their heads, as the old jape runs.

* * *

Military Moustaches.

While on the subject of hair—by a process of capillary attraction, no doubt—"The Mirror" was led to investigate (or manufacture) a "growing feeling against the moustache" amongst Army officers, and has worked up quite a miniature agitation against the official tyranny which ordains that an officer shall wear face fungus on his upper lip. Our idea of the deep-rooted objection to the moustache amongst officers is that it is confined to those unfortunates who cannot grow a decent one, and the suggestion that the officers abhor such facial decorations because women prefer a clean-shaven man is altogether absurd. Nobody who has witnessed the loving care expended by a young subaltern in trying to persuade an incipient moustache to rear up and become visible to the unprejudiced eyes of other people, will be easily persuaded that the military are going to mutiny because the regulations ordain that moustaches shall be worn. Don't you believe it!

* * *

The Scott Will Case.

Although the public is by now heartily sick of the Scott will case and everything connected with it—and especially those reiterated pictures of Sir John Scott's portly brothers, of Lady Sackville, of "Kidlet," and of Knole—we venture to fall into line with every newspaper in the land in making reference to it. Of course "undue influence," from the legal point of view, was not sustained by the evidence—most of it trivial, and apparently irrelevant—but sufficient was revealed to show the necessity for an alteration in the law governing the disposition by will of a testator's estate. Without drawing any parallels, or fitting the cap—for we profess no inside knowledge of Lady Sackville's manner of influence over Sir John—it is plain that it is open for a designing woman to work upon the feelings of a weak or vain man, so that he may, in his will, ignore his own family, wife and children even, and leave everything he possessed to a possibly undeserving adventuress; or equally a designing man may so influence a weak and yielding woman that she may devise to him all her goods and chattels, and leave her own relatives entirely in the cold.

* * *

Unjust Wills.

The question is whether such things should be permissible by law, or whether we should not adopt legislation whereby a man, in a fit of pique perhaps, may be restrained from punishing his wife, or his sons, or daughters, for a trivial fault or temporary disagreement, by leaving them penniless. Other nations do not allow such latitude to a testator, and without necessarily touching the law of primogeniture, it does seem to us that a good case can be made out for the enactment of a law entitling near relatives to a fixed minimum proportion, except in cases of gross misconduct. We have a thorough contempt for the perpetrator of a vindictive will, who thus carries beyond the grave a quarrel in which he was probably at fault, and in our opinion he should be deprived of the opportunity of wreaking his petty spite or silly political rancour upon his descendants. The Burial Service says that a man has brought nothing into this world, and it is very certain he will take nothing out. But he often does take away with him the happiness and personal comfort of his own descendants without just and proper cause.

"I see, Bill, as soap's gorn up."
"Us down't moind!"

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

The season having been dubbed a failure all round, a somewhat daring young nobleman, noted for his originality, by way of making things "flip" a little, is sending out invitations for a ball to all his bachelor friends. It is to be fancy dress; and the ladies are all to be artists' models and are to appear in their favourite sitting costumes. According to rumour there is a perfect fight for invitations.

* * *

That the pretty young Irish wife is still in the chorus. That her good-for-nothing husband is still in the Army. That he isn't likely to be there much longer. That he will not be missed either by his friends or those in high places. That his conduct has been more than base over the whole matter; and that the young wife is deserving every sympathy for her pluck and patience. That it may be as well if he paid for the silver salts. They might mean a good deal when the case comes on.

* *

That the whole world seems bent on being cussed sometimes. We refer to the fair-haired young thing who fainted in the stalls of a popular theatre the other night, and had to be carried out. It was a bit of a tight corner, we admit; but these things do happen sometimes even in the very best thought-out "arrangements." Of course, if "Rex" said he was going to Morocco he should have gone. For when one arranges to go to the play with another fellow it is hard lines to find oneself sort of sitting next to the *other* fellow. That "Rex's" face was certainly like the traditional thunder. Still we advise waiting till pay-day before saying or doing anything; and we make no charge.

* *

Whatever was the matter with the very distinguished gentleman the other night, who, on being asked whether he would contest a certain Division at the next election, replied: "Would you wish me to stand Tory or Radical? It's perfectly immaterial to me!"

* * *

Who is the young gentleman who was seen sitting one afternoon threading pink bébé-ribbon through a camisole at the open window of a house in Sussex Place?

* * *

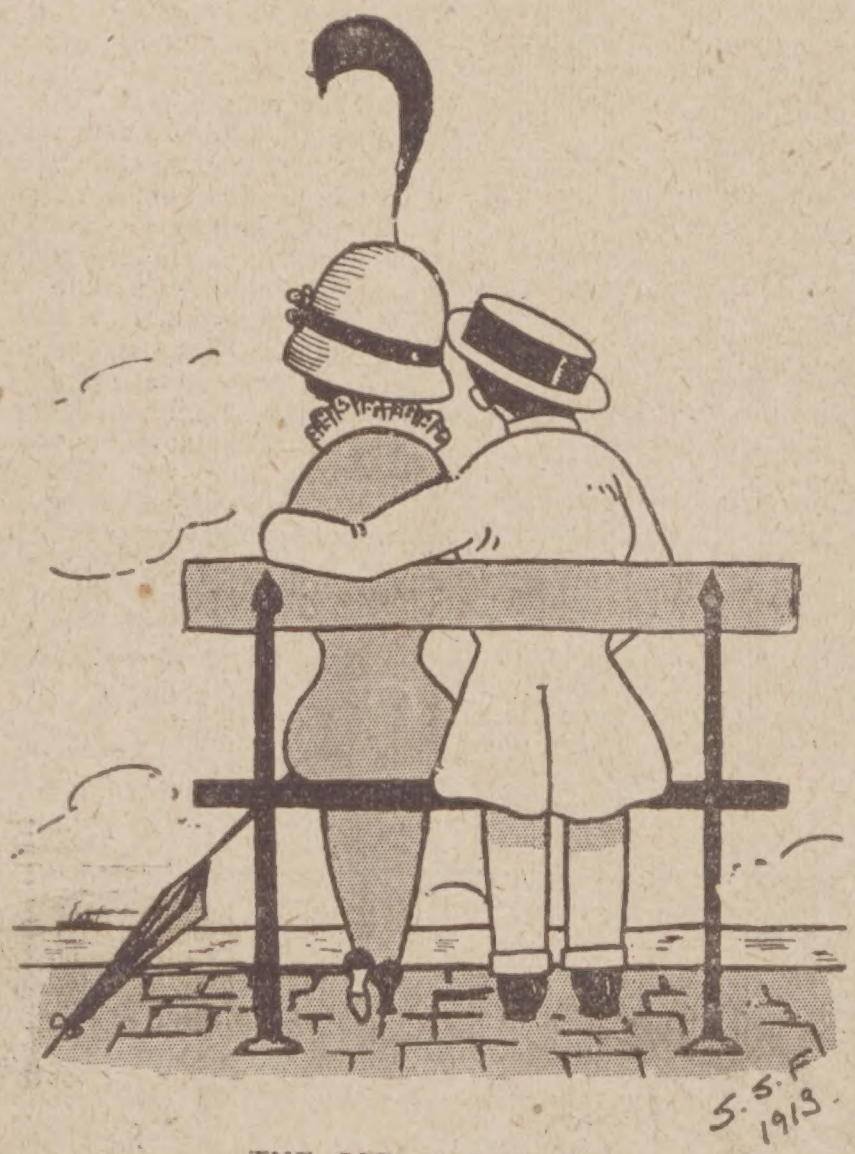
Is it a fact that a certain well-known "Johnny about town" has been "camping out" for the past fortnight in a sort of glorified bathing tent on the beach at Freshwater, and that the "boy" chum who shares it with him was recently the inmate of a high-class seminary for young ladies at Westcliff?

* * *

Why does the wealthy Chelsea artist always draw from the same dark-haired model with the silvered shoes? Is it a fact that she comes from a well-known Regent Street milliner's; and does his wife really know all about it?

* * *

Who was the actress who took a week-end trip to Boulogne and lost something like £300 at the Casino? Whether, in order to pay her hotel bill she accepted a very substantial loan from an elderly French officer? If the gentleman's terms of payment were not over exacting, and whether the incident is likely to "spike" the lady's prospects with regard to a certain highly desirable parti?



THE OLD, OLD STORY.

That the smart little lady from Maida Vale has made things up with "Tommy" and that he is now looking for a flat. One would have thought this quite unnecessary, seeing that she has already found one?

* * *

The name and address of the lady who went out to dinner, and was shown into her hostess's bedroom to remove her wrap. Is it true that the hostess next morning missed a very valuable gold bracelet from her drawer, and on dropping a few carefully guarded remarks, had the pleasant surprise of finding the said bracelet on her garden path quite early a few mornings later, and that one of the servants saw a certain figure closely veiled creep cautiously down the road and quickly deposit the package precisely where it was found?

* *

Why did the prominent City man suddenly bolt into a small public-house off Fleet Street the other day? Was the lady approaching him his wife, or only one of them?

* *

What is the name of the solicitor who has such an aversion to policemen? When he sees one, why does he always pop down the nearest side street?

* *

Can the principles of a certain music-hall in a South-West suburb be described as "honest," in view of the fact that they regularly advertise on their bills "stars" who never appear?

* *

Is the story about G.B.S. entering a theatre in his shirt sleeves true? Or is it merely a wile of his press agent to get G.B.S.'s name in the papers on that day, to complete the twenty years' record?

* *

That the earl is doing very nicely, thank you. That the barmaid's hands are slowly but surely improving. That she takes the position very well, considering. That things might be worse. That she has opened a deposit account at the nearest local bank and has sent quite a few sums in. Providing, naturally, for the rainy day. Well, it's sure to come. It has come before, and more than once. So, forewarned is forearmed.

* * *

Why is an indecorous picture, which has been exhibited for over three months in a window in Fulham Road, still allowed to remain? Cannot the proprietor sell it, or does he consider it "a good *form* of advertisement"?

* * *

Who was the lady attired in a nurse's grey costume who smilingly beamed for two hours on the gay crowd in the "Crown" in Leicester Square, on Tuesday night last; and if it is not about time this uniform was registered?

* * *

Who is the young idiot who is advertising for the name and address of "the young lady who in the sensuous calm of Prince's Square, Bayswater, was standing at the door of a taxi with yellow luggage on the top and conversing animatedly with two other young ladies inside"? This leads us to enquire: "Are all the asylums full?"

A WOEFUL WOOING.

I knocked into Simkins strolling along the front at Brighton. We had not met for years and celebrated the meeting accordingly. After his fifth whiskey and soda, Simkins waxed confidential.

"I'm married," he informed me. "My wife is a darling. Are you?"

"I have often been told so by various females," I murmured modestly. "Although some prefer to call me popsy wopsy."

"You silly ass!" he explained in his nasty style. "I don't mean are you a darling; I mean, are you married?"

"Heaven forbid!" I replied, calling for two more.

"Well, look here. The wife's sister is staying with us, and I want to get her off our hands. You must do it, old boy."

"Do you wish me to poison her or push her off the pier? My terms will be half the insurance money."

"No, no," Simkins replied with some heat. "I want you to marry her. Now be a good chap and do this. She has five hundred a year of her own, you know."

"Simkins," I said with enthusiasm. "Simkins, say no more. I'll woo the girl and wed her."

So we arranged it. Simkins told me that his sister-in-law was a very shy girl. This being the case it would have to be kept from her that we were planning to get her married, or she would be scared. If old Simkins introduced us, doubtless she would suspect something, therefore I would have to make her acquaintance myself. Simkins had to go to town the following day, but he gave me his sister-in-law's description, telling me to hang about their hotel for her about nine o'clock in the evening. After reaching a high state of emotion, Simkins and I parted.

The next night, attired in nutty fashion, I hung about their hotel as per instructions. Simkins had informed me that his sister-in-law would be wearing a blue silk scarf, and when a pretty girl came out of the hotel with one of these round her shoulders, I knew it must be her.

She was divine! As she strolled along the front, I followed with fast-beating heart and wobbling knees. What a figure!

After I had been following her light footsteps for about ten minutes or so, a gust of wind blew her scarf away. I fielded it in grand style.

"Your scarf," I said with a stunning sweep of my hat, handing back the article.

"Oh, thank you so much," she exclaimed, replacing the scarf, not forgetting to blush prettily as well.

"Not at all," I protested, as I fixed in my monocle. "A pleasure to be of assistance to such a charming girl as you." (Jolly good start, what?)

"Ah, you consider me charming then?" she archly enquired with an absolutely killing lift of her eyebrows.

"Rather!" I beamed, slapping my gloves on my leg.

This was great! Simkins's sister-in-law was evidently attracted by me.

"What do you say to a sit down on the pier?" I suggested.

She assented, and came a little closer. With characteristic devilry, I squeezed her elbow three times.

"Naughty boy," she murmured, taking my arm.

By jove, I was making progress without doubt.

On the pier we soon found a secluded seat, where with a bit of squeezing there was room for two.

My fair companion commenced the proceedings by laying her head on my shoulder. I put my arms around her, like the Beautiful Doll johnny. Fancy Simkins saying she was shy! Absolute piffle!

"Star of my life," I cried in throaty accents, "press your ruby lips to mine. I've had two shaves to-day."

"Darling boy, how thoughtful of you," she cooed.

Whew! Simkins's sister-in-law was a sport. I bestowed innumerable chaste kisses on her willing lips, and when we left the pier some time later her coiffure was completely ruined. But no matter, a five hundred a year wife was at my feet.

I arranged to meet her the next evening at the same spot, hoping to press my suit still further.

As I was hieing myself to the trysting place the following night, I met Simkins hurrying from the station.

"How have you gone on?" he eagerly enquired.

"First rate," I replied, acquainting him with the details of my conquest.

"You're a marvel," he commented, as we strolled towards the pier. "She always seemed such a shy girl. I'll tell you what, old man, you go to meet her as arranged and I'll hide until you kiss her. Then I will appear on the scene and lay my blessing on you. What do you think of the idea?"

I agreed to it. It would be better to get the matter signed, sealed and delivered, as the solicitors say, at the earliest possible moment.

She was there waiting for me, bless her! Without much ado, I drew her towards me in masterly style. But no sooner had I kissed her than a large-sized earthquake caught me a fearful knock on the neck. I had a vision of eclipses, starry nights, and fifth of November firework displays all rolled into one. Finally I dropped with a sickening thud to the ground and, after biting the dust for some time, I began to look around. The girl of my heart had disappeared, whilst above me Simkins towered with quivering frame.

"I'll lay my blessing on you, you blithering idiot," he yelled. "That's my wife!"

* * *

Simkins and I never speak when we meet now, and a five hundred a year wife is lost to me. This all comes of sisters lending each other articles of adornment.

ARTHUR POLLOCK.

"And when the ship went down, Mum, the only thing what kep me up was an empty barrel, an' ever since, when I'm ashore, the only thing as keeps me up is a full one."

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

OVERHEARD AT THE PARTY.

Ted: Why do you think Miss Cutlowe is clear gold?

Ned: By the way she withstands the acid test, when some of the other women look at her.

* * *

HARD LUCK.

Quizzer: What's the matter, old man? You look worried.

Sizzer: I have cause to. I hired a man to trace my pedigree.

Quizzer: Well, what's the trouble? Hasn't he been successful?

Sizzer: Successful! I should say he has! I'm paying him hush-money.

* * *

LOSING GAME.

Crawford: Why don't you try jollying your wife a little? It's easy to tell her she's looking younger and more beautiful every day.

Crabshaw: I tried that once, and she nailed me for money to have her picture taken.

* * *

Every one has reverses! Even those who try to do good for others. Last week a man in Manchester was hauled before the magistrates for being intoxicated. When questioned as to why he allowed himself to be seen in such a state, he calmly replied: "Well, yer honour, I was just trying to do a bit for humanity. I was just a-going round seeing where the beer was most adulterated, and this is how I gets thanked!"

* * *

Thatchless gentleman (irritably): "Can't you shave me without my taking off my collar?"

Barber: "Yes, sir. And I could cut your hair without taking your hat off."

* * *

BEWARE!

"Beware the microbe in the kiss!"
Cold-hearted science cries.
Alas! Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.—*Vermont Crabbe.*

NO DOG FANCIER.

Brown: "Call off your infernal dog, Smith—he might bite me!"
Smith: "It's all right. He can't bite; he's got no teeth."
Brown: "No teeth! Never mind—he'd give a fellow a nasty suck."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

"It appears he is an ex-professor of dancing."
"Then it must have been he who invented the Tango."
—*Le Rire.*

WRONG DEPARTMENT.

Jones (six times divorced): Can you arrange these marriage certificates in some sort of frame for me?

Bright Clerk: I guess you've come to the wrong department. You want a tie rack.—*Cornell Widow.*

* * *

THE DEBTOR'S NOTION.

First: There is one sign that should be placed over every letter box in the city.

Second: What is that?

First: "Post no Bills."—*Yale Record.*

* * *

Master Harold had returned after his first day at a kindergarten school.

"Well, Harold," said a friend of his mother's, who was calling, "how do you like school? I suppose you are the youngest there?"

"Oh, no!" said Harold indignantly, drawing himself to his full height and throwing out his chest, "Oh, no! some of our chaps come in perambulators."—*Manchester Guardian.*

* * *

Stories from America! Still they come! A native of "God's very own country," having accumulated a fortune in the usual wonderful way, came to London to settle down, and on arrival expressed himself very strongly on the size of the village as a whole. He bought a house, a garden, dozens of motors, and, in short, everything that he thought necessary to his claim to be thought a gentleman. One thing that caught his roving eye was the fact that all his acquaintances sported some sort of device on their notepaper, while he had always used a highly gilded monogram. On consideration this was more than American flesh and blood could stand, so off he strode to the nearest stationer's and demanded to be shown some crests. The obliging assistant produced the usual specimen book and began leisurely to turn over the leaves. In a moment the Yankee's eye fell on something that obviously took his fancy.

"Young man," said he, "what's this?"

"'Ich Dien,'" replied the assistant. "That is the Prince of Wales's."

The Yankee slapped the counter. "Then if it's good enough for *him*, it's good enough for *me*! Send me five thousand envelopes and paper to match. Good day!"

THINGS THE LADIES WOULD LIKE TO KNOW,

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

Why Queen Alexandra's trip to Copenhagen is "off"? And whether the noble lady does not get along with her Royal nephew in Denmark as well as she used to with her brother, the late Danish monarch? Or whether it is the new Queen of Denmark who is the trouble?

* * *

Whether the rich young baronet, Sir Richard Sutton, "came to up the scratch" at the gathering at Taplow Court the other day, and popped the question to the Duke of Portland's only daughter, as Dame Rumour alleged that he did some months ago? Or whether Miss Grenfell was the bar?

* * *

What they say in Cairo about the smart way the Sirdar manages to come home for a few months every summer without fail?

* *

What "South Africa's Only," the new Lord de Villiers, thinks of the Court of Appeal and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council after his hobnobbing with the English judges during the past few weeks?

* *

Whether the Sackville case will not be heard all over again under that clause of Sir John Scott's will eliminating those courageous litigants who have ventured to contest his will?

* *

Whether Princess Victoria's children's birthday party has not left several well-known peeresses very sore at their offspring being forgotten when the invitations were sent out?

* *

What the Duke of Marlborough said about the Duchess to the Countess of Granard (another American millionairess!) during her Ladyship's trip to Blenheim during the week-end? Whether the Duchess ever calls upon the Granards since the quarrel?

* * *

If Woolland Bros.' "fitting rooms," whose windows are open to the gentle breeze of the passing motor 'buses, are not as good as a "Ragtime" revue any day?

* * *

Whether the handsome and exceedingly wealthy young man at present staying at the Metropole, Folkestone, who affects different coloured socks of startling hue, is odd in the head as well as the feet, and whether the elderly "valet" who accompanies him holds certain medical diplomas of a distinguished order?

* * *

Whether the same young man attempted to commit suicide a little while back by pouring quicksilver from the bulb of a thermometer into his whisky and soda?

* * *

And whether the "valet" conceals a very nasty scar, under the hair of his left temple, received during the struggle to wrest the glass from his master?

Discontented Clara: "Oh, I wish Providence had made me a man!" Sarcastic Mamma: "Perhaps he has, dear; only you haven't found him yet."

Whether "James Hurd," the new book, is the diary of an eavesdropper?

* * *

Whether the Plumage Bill for the prevention of the use of feathers on women's hats will be treated lightly?

* * *

Whether the workman, charged at Salford with stealing goods for his employer, and who is stated to have had pockets in his braces, believed in "supporting his principals"?

* * *

Whether superstition would cause a man to refuse thirteen oysters for a dozen?

* * *

Whether the Suffragettes really intend to "take life" seriously?

* * *

Whether the sudden rush of people to be vaccinated on account of the outbreak of small-pox in Sydney has left the doctors lymp(h)?

* * *

Whether the Illinois women who, now that they have the right to vote, suggest that florists', confectioners', shops, drapers' should be used as polling booths, will demand accounts in the names of the candidates they intend to support?

* * *

Whether the Suffragettes who burnt down Sir William Lever's bungalow at Rivington have a particular aversion to soft soap?

* * *

Whether it was not a little pessimistic of Lady Gwenyth Ponsonby to have a "blue" wedding?

* * *

Whether the incident of the collapsing couch added a touch of unexpected humour to the comedy sketch, "Her Ladyship," in which Miss Marie Studholme is now appearing, and whether the old uncle who, at the moment when the accident occurred, was writing out a cheque for his profligate nephew, rose admirably to the occasion by exclaiming, *improviso*, "A cheque for some new furniture would also prove useful, no doubt"?

* * *

Whether the militants' threat to "thirst strike" will be successful in causing them to "dry up"?

* * *

Whether the bankrupt cricketer considers himself "stumped"?

* * *

Whether the latest "butterfly hats" are designed to set male hearts fluttering?

* * *

Whether the sea-serpent witnessed by the captain of a steamer between Tolofa Bay and Gisborne is a careful provision on the part of Father Neptune against the disappearance of a venerable tradition?

* * *

Whether "Gerald" of the Stock Exchange may now be considered a bosom friend of Carpentier, the French pugilist, and whether it is a fact that he is seriously contemplating taking private lessons in boxing?

AT THE MUSIC HALL.

She: "Do you think she's good?"
He: "I don't know about 'good,' but she's certainly clever."

AN OVERLOOKED DETAIL.

Buffum, a wholesale hosier of St. Paul's Churchyard, [illegible] himself that his powers of diplomatic [illegible] enabled him to emerge scatheless from the most [illegible] and compromising situations. And in this, the [illegible] appearance of his smug, clean-shaven countenance undoubtedly helped.

One fine day fate, having an idle moment on hand, [illegible] sent a fat-headed cousin of Mrs. Buffum's to [illegible] out that good lady, and escort her willy-nilly to Ascot. A congenial turn of Mischief also took a hand in the [illegible] prompted Mrs. Buffum's companion to select [illegible] grand stand a couple of rows behind the spot [illegible] sat the smiling Buffum and his pretty typist. Fortunately for the giddy husband, a passing spirit of evil (engaged professionally on the race-course for the day) intervened [illegible] fair play, and, as the people were leaving, [illegible] the gaze of the dealer in hosiery towards the solid [illegible] wife, who had stuck in the turnstile on the way out. The crafty Buffum was thus able to double his tracks and dodge his spouse, and when he came home that night was prepared with the soft answer that turneth away the anger of the soft head.

"Your sister Rose from India!" commented his wife, when he had concluded before an embarrassingly taciturn audience a detailed, if effusive, explanation. "Funny you should be so fond of a relative you never write to. What's more," continued she, suspiciously, "brothers don't usually squeeze their sisters' hands in public."

"My love," replied Buffum, with unusual mildness and [illegible]tion, "just consider. Dear Rose, after some estrange- [illegible] is [illegible] visit home. She unexpectedly calls at my [illegible] business, and although I am frightfully busy, I [illegible] give her a treat."

"[illegible] by see me," joked Mrs. Buffum.

"[illegible] the prudent husband, "she leaves for the [illegible] morning."

[illegible] all trace of unpleasantness, Buffum proposed [illegible] they should go to some place of entertainment the [illegible] evening. When the time came his lady was dis- [illegible] though not surprised—as his views of domestic [illegible] severe—to find that he favoured a neigh- [illegible] Palace.

[illegible] Gazette turn was announced. Mr. Buffum [illegible] that they should go to see the President leaving Paris?" said [illegible] ation, as he rose. "Come on, Eliza, or we [illegible] late for anything at all."

"[illegible]'s past nine now," protested she, "and, as you [illegible]ier, those places cost money."

"[illegible] we must wait until this is over, and we can get [illegible]kly," continued his wife. "I can't possibly squeeze [illegible] these people."

The film now showed the crowd in front of the Gare du Nord, at Paris, and across the picture, as large as life and twice as natural, and looking sentimentally into the eyes of the fair and clinging Parisienne on his arm, strolled—Mr. Buffum!

Those sitting in the tenth row of the Picture Palace were suddenly seized with the horrible notion that the building had fallen in, and they were being crushed beneath the ruins. In reality, it was merely that massive Mrs. Buffum who was leaving, quickly.

"Monster!" said she, turning on her flabbergasted husband, directly they were outside. "And that is what you were doing when you told me you were hunting for fancy goods in the North."

"And so I was," retorted the perturbed man. "That rascal on the film is my bachelor brother Jack. He always was the image of me."

"Brother Jack, indeed! Yesterday it was sister Rose! Did your brother Jack leave for the far East, too, this morning?"

"Very well, madam," answered Mr. Buffum, ignoring her question. "As you doubt my tale, I will procure a letter to you from my brother Jack, saying whether he has recently been in Paris or not."

The next day Buffum wrote to his brother, who was a respectable accountant in Liverpool, and giving for not having been near him for so many years, and begging him as a personal favour to write a letter to his wife saying that he, the accountant, had recently visited Paris. The truth was, wrote Buffum, hosier and liar, that a few days back, to avert a threatened business loss, he had had to go, without the knowledge of Mrs. B., whose nervous condition of health made it necessary that she should be spared all worry, to the French capital. Through the imprudence of a neighbour, his wife had learnt that a Mr. Buffum had stayed at a hotel there, and the doctor said she must be put off the scent.

The accountant, a worthy if somewhat pompous man, replied briefly; he excused himself on the plea that he was about to travel south; that he did not like deceit, but, as it was for a good purpose, he would be a party to an innocent invention, and make mention to Mrs. Buffum of a recent trip to France.

On the Saturday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Buffum were seated, she stiffly, in their back garden in the suburbs.

"No letter from your brother Jack," observed she stonily, as the postman's knock next door was heard.

"You'll have news soon," replied her husband, complacently.

The French doors of the drawing-room opened. A maid appeared in the garden, followed by a gentleman who would have closely resembled the hosier, but for possessing a long black moustache.

And the domestic announced: "Mr. John Buffum."

TABLOID TOPICS.

Consols have made another low record. Anyone ashamed to keep his stock can pass it along to us. We run a home for the fallen.

* * *

"All good things spring from three square meals a day," says a Labour writer. And it takes a good many swallows to make a spring.

* * *

According to the *Evening Standard*, a school hall is to erected at Brighton College, "to cost about £0000." It sounds an awful lot of money for the job.

* * *

The chairman of the Stratford Bench recently asked a prisoner whether he imagined he was at a chicken farm. We suppose the poor fellow had the pip.

* * *

Nearly £500 was paid to the Chancellor of the Exchequer "for conscience' sake," in the last financial year. Anybody is welcome to try to get our monkey up in the same way.

* * *

An "angel" fish, with a skate in its mouth, has been found stranded on the beach at Maryport, Cumberland. No doubt angels patronise skates on the occasions when they fear to tread.

* * *

The bees which caused the destruction by fire of a 200-year-old house in Huntingdonshire last week, are believed to have escaped from the bonnet of a prominent militant suffragette.

* * *

"£200,000 a year spent in tips," we read. From a sad experience of racing prophets' recommendations we should have thought that a good deal more was spent on tips—that don't come off.

* * *

The Epping Guardians have bought a fifteen-shilling wig for a pauper inmate of the workhouse, whose baldness provokes ribald comment. The Board evidently think that the wags need a wigging.

* * *

More lawlessness from the Celtic fringe! A swarm of bees went by train from Bridgend to Abergwynfi and back three times without paying their fare. Perhaps they were looking for rare and refreshing fruit.

* * *

"The Marriage of King Manoel and Princess Augusta-Victoria of Hohenzollern will be celebrated here (Sigmaringen) on September 3 and 4," says a Reuter telegram. This is certainly not a case of wedding in haste.

* * *

A "sound reflecting elbow" is being advertised, which is said to eliminate the objectionable features of gramophones. Better still would be a sound reflecting brain, which would prevent its owner from buying one of these objectionable instruments.

* * *

Soap is dearer as a result of the growth of the margarine trade, which demands similar raw materials. Those poor people who cannot afford to pay the increased prices will presumably have to wash themselves with a slab of "double-weight."

* * *

Mr. F. B. Mildmay, M.P., is appealing for assistance for the ruined crab-catchers of South Devon. Subscription lists opened at Henley, Richmond and other riverside resorts should meet with a ready response from more opulent members of the trade.

* * *

An American lady residing in Paris has refused to accept delivery of a hobble skirt that she had ordered on the ground that it was too tight to walk in. How very unreasonable! No one can walk in a hobble skirt. They are made to show the legs—not to exercise them.

SKETCHES AT CLACTON.

Our artist made a special journey to Clacton last week-end to obtain sketches for the page of our series "Modern Life at the Seaside." Unfortunately, on Monday, he had a misunderstanding with a motor-car, from which he emerged second-best, and we are, therefore, compelled to hold over the Clacton sketches until next week.

THE VICISSITUDES OF JOSEPH.

Even in his youth Joe Mumper permanently looked like an urchin who is forced, for politic reasons, to assume the attitude of pained indifference while another consumes with horrible gusto and rapacious jaws, black-striped balls of a penetrating effluvium. I only saw Joe smile once, and I pray heaven I'll never see him smile again. Even cab-horses, morbidly lackadaisical in their existence, have been known to quicken step on the approach; and one indignant cabman reported him to [illegible]

When he reached a mature age, his countenance obtained him a position on [illegible] as "Uncle Sam," who replied week by week to the rending tales, long drawn out, of the machinations of Lotharios, and the frailty of women, consoling sick swains. But as luck would have it, [illegible] portrait was printed at the head of the page no [illegible] Next week nobody wrote. The week after, [illegible] silence, and Mumper remained [illegible] the rips they once were. The following [illegible] readers still held aloof, and Mumper, keenly desirous of attaining literary fame, and taking a mean advantage of his chief's departure for Belfast to acquire an [illegible] printed the following answers to questions that had been asked, under the heading of "Broken Hearts, Dyspepsia, &c."

A. B., Hammersmith.—No, Archibald, I [illegible] cannot recommend Arsenic Acid as a [illegible] is liable to give rise to indigestion.

Etiquette, Hampstead Heath.—No, Hubert, [illegible] lady jabs her hat pin into your eye it is not necessary to apologise. The best people generally [illegible] the pin with a smooth remark as to its not having to specification.

Coy Rebecca, Brighton.—I am indeed sorry [illegible] you have knock-knees and are cross-eyed [illegible] your squint, it is a very good idea when [illegible] ing to anyone to look at something else; then when you want to look at something else, look at someone. You are not in need of a cure for your knock-knees. Be brave, and let them fight it out.

Doubtful Gertie, Clackmannan.—Alas! Gertie, [illegible] is absolutely no possibility of the [illegible] founded. Queen Anne is really dead.

Captain Heresford, Pall Mall.—Your [illegible] should be fed every half-hour with [illegible] vinegar; and if they suffer from chilblains [illegible] warmers and a glass of toddy before [illegible] put them to rights.

One old lady, a subscriber to the journal for years, [illegible] that it was most disgusting to discuss a lady's knees [illegible] and hinted darkly of her private belief as to the Editor being a dipsomaniac. A few tracts were enclosed, and "I counsel you, sir, turn from your evil life, or I shall order my newsagent to supply no further issues of *Sweet Heart Drops*." Of course, after this, Mumper's services were dispensed with.

It once happened that he was best man at a friend's wedding, and to this day the bride is convinced that [illegible] of her has blasted Mumper's life; and on her communicating this belief to her husband, he sallied forth to (as he expressed it) break his (Mumper's) blasted neck. He almost succeeded.

Another time, Joseph was hired at a shilling an hour by a temperance reformer, who exhibited him as an example of the ravages of alcohol, but, nevertheless, a brand plucked from the burning; and all went well until one night a spectator, moved to compassion by his wan, disconsolate face, offered the plucked brand a drink. The meeting broke up in disorder when Mumper accepted.

Then he was engaged by the Follies, but at the first rehearsal Mr. Pelissier broke down; and the other members of the company informed Joseph that his *métier* was Musical Comedy. He was discharged.

I have observed that he now plays the henpecked husband for a Kinema Film Co., and such a success is he in this part that the Company have retained his services, despite the fact that his fellow players struck for increased remuneration consequent on the deterioration of their nerves. But I have heard that he is shortly to be cast for Hamlet.

ERIC DE BANZIE.

A town criers' competition is to take place [illegible] ings County Fair on Saturday. After the ba[illegible] bells will be given to those that have [illegible]

ON THE ZUYDER ZEE.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Take things [illegible] if they don't belong to others.

[illegible]op is often but another name for self esteem.

[illegible] and love letters should be burned before they [illegible] trouble.

Satan furnishes his own petrol when you permit him to act as your chauffeur.

Men and women take desperate chances sometimes—for instance, when they get married.

Only a wise man knows when not to be patient.

Premature gray hairs cause the good to dye young.

Jealousy is the tribute a woman pays to a man's vanity.

Sometimes the man who prays long and loud in public needs it most.

It may be better to give than to receive, but few of us are in a position to keep it up indefinitely.

Many of the world's great men are unknown to fame. They are great because they share their pleasures with others and keep their troubles to themselves.

IN STAGELAND.

I understand that Oswald Williams has been saved to us from his projected departure to America. Of this I really am sincerely glad. In marked contrast to his fellows in the higher flights of variety illusion on a large scale, he adopts a modest and gentlemanly reserve of demeanour which is, unfortunately, distinctly unusual.

* * *

Notice how many of them wear the offensively aggressive attitude of the workhouse master. I have always thought that some essentials of their work—their pert rapidity of action and air of great secrecy, combined with invariable public appreciation—are the main contributory causes.

* * *

Do you remember poor Lafayette's extravagant bearing? The Great Goldin also does not give his clever show every chance of success by reason of the denial, during his performance at all events, to his female attendants of those elements of courtesy which are almost invariably enjoyed even by the household servants of middle-class ratepayers. Oswald Williams's show, in addition to its entire freedom from above defects, is a degree crisper and more picturesque than any other of the great contemporary illusionist shows; so let us be thankful we are retaining him!

* * *

Fragson arrived home from Paris last Tuesday evening, and will shortly be in harness.

* * *

An automobile accident of an alarmingly serious nature has overtaken Beatie and Babs. Their new 26 h.p. Minerva car was all but destroyed by a taxi doing about 35 m.p.h. in the Euston Road last Sunday. It was the car's very first trip, and the clever young artistes, who most fortunately have sustained nothing worse than a sprained thumb and a severe bruising between them, were testing their new toy by way of relaxation after a phenomenally successful week's starring at Southampton. When I saw the wreck yesterday I decided that I never want to be nearer fatal injury than they have been. The particular patron saint who watches the wanderings of our most valuable artistes was actively alive to our necessities during those few critical moments, anyhow.

* * *

Sir Herbert Tree's new work, "Thoughts and Afterthoughts," is largely concerned with Shakespearian reflections and reminiscences most valuable and instructive to the artistically inclined layman. In spite of certain malevolent and maladroit critics there is one, and one only, entitled to speak of Shakespeare with the authority born of deep knowledge and studious experience, and he is the author of "Thoughts and Afterthoughts." For the rest this book must be read by those of us interested in contemporary stage history on account of the astonishingly accurate insight into current theatrical theories expounded therein.

* * *

Reinhardt is to submit "The Yellow Jacket" of the Duke of York's Theatre to his theatrical operative surgery in Berlin. I feel a little to blame in the matter of the impeachability of my good taste with regard to that last remark, but let the horrible accuracy of the description of the process of converting a good play into a post-impressionist farrago of nonsense, almost invariably employed by this inexplicable Teuton, be adequate excuse for me. I can very easily understand how readily "The Yellow Jacket" lends itself to his procedure, for its unconventionality already borders on the eccentric. But let it be remembered that its peculiarities have been moulded by sane and humorous influences in England.

* * *

Is it not a most interesting fact that Mr. George Edwardes last week sold the necessary rights for the production of his four most recent musical comedies in Spain. That is to say, to be performed by Spaniards in their native dialect. The notion of a Spanish Teddy Payne helping out a ditto Grossmith with "Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay" likes me much!

* * *

Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson, on the occasion of the opening of their next London season, will be assisted by their daughter, Miss Phyllis Nielson-Terry. This completion of a happy and influential family will indeed "paint the lily and gild refined gold" from the point of view of London audiences.

When Mr. Cyril Maude produced "The [illegible] Nuremberg" last autumn, I wonder if he imagined that this charming Continental [illegible] significant and non-fictionary bearing upon theatrical world? Barely a stone's throw away th[illegible] Opera House is staging "Come Over Here," which, way, has a gorgeous new scene in "Sport on the Alps" week, the producer of which, Mr. Gus Sohlke, has just been adjudged the lineal descendant of this almost legendary character, thereby benefiting to the tune of £60,000.

* *

Two things very good to hear happened last week. Mr. Charles Gulliver, the Palladium impresario, returned to duty at the L.T.V. headquarters at Randvoll House evidently quickly recovering from all ill-effects of his unfortunate knee disability, and "Hullo! Ragtime," the Hippodrome's evergreen and much-improved revue, ran into a highly successful third edition.

* *

Sandy MacNab, the Scotch comedian, who recently offered £1,000 for a suitable sketch, has had very few sketches submitted, and those sent were not up to the standard required. Sandy has therefore decided to write one himself, and has rather an appropriate title in "McNab's Hotel," it being described by the author as a non-stop scream. Thus, like a true Scotchman, Sandy retains his £1,000.

* *

Their Majesties thoroughly enjoyed the "all star" variety entertainment at Knowsley, and the artists were correspondingly pleased. [illegible] to note that the London dailies gave [illegible] accounts of the order in which the artists [illegible] then, there is no odium in being the first [illegible] such an occasion, so no harm is done.

MR. OSWALD WILLIAMS, THE ILLUSIONIST.

* *

The latest development in the cinema [illegible] maopera," which is a combination of [illegible] The singers are placed in the orchestra, [illegible] have a large mirror in front of them, in [illegible] the screen with the moving picture, an [illegible] is kept upon the subject.

* *

It is stated that the Chicago Railway [illegible] obtained a reel of 1,000 feet of film, showing [illegible] of different types of street-car accidents. If such [illegible] taken in London, the producers should be [illegible] record, anyhow.

THE DUCHESS OF KENDAL.

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 11.

THE STRANGE CASE OF KING GEORGE I. AND THE DUCHESS OF KENDAL.

Sympathy v. Love.

[illegible] say towards cementing life-long ties between [illegible], but sympathy goes farther. Love is an often [illegible] sympathy draws ever closer and closer, and [illegible] that are tighter even than love. The triumph of [illegible] of Kendal over the first of our Georgian kings was [illegible] instance on record of the triumph of sympathy. [illegible] had many love-affairs. A pretty face was all that [illegible] to set his heart beating wildly, and his flirtations [illegible] until old age. But nothing ever mattered to Melusina [illegible]. She knew King George better than he knew himself, what every woman knows, that it is the woman [illegible] man turns when he is in trouble that he will cling to [illegible] and for forty long years King George turned to Melusina [illegible]berg in all trouble that came his way.

[illegible] Schulenberg was "no beauty!" History has painted [illegible] ugly young woman—the "ugly duckling" of her tribe, [illegible] plainness it was which appealed to the sensual side of [illegible]'s character. This is a mistake on the part of Melu[illegible]phers, however. Her pictures show her to have been [illegible] the English people nicknamed her "The Maypole," [illegible] good features, and though somewhat gaunt and spare, [illegible] blue eyes, bright fair hair, and a magnificent [illegible] the same, it was not her looks that won for her a [illegible] in English history than any other woman not [illegible]en ever won. Short of wearing the crown, Melusina [illegible] of England for the best part of four decades, so her [illegible] well worth perusal.

How the Guelphs Came to England.

[illegible] or vulgar "daughter of the people" was [illegible]. Her forefathers had figured amongst the [illegible] German nobility for centuries, before their [illegible] necessary for them to find billets for their [illegible] as they were out of the schoolroom. That's [illegible] that Melusina Schulenberg, at sixteen years of [illegible]ent to the Court of Hanover as a maid-of-honour. In [illegible]days the Guelphs had no anticipation that their pleasant [illegible]s Electors of Hanover would be rudely disturbed by their [illegible]nt for by this country as occupants of the English throne. [illegible] people had had enough of the Stuart kings; they [illegible] strife between the Roman Catholics and the [illegible] and they had determined to ensure that all future [illegible]ngland should have "no truck" with Rome. Conse[illegible] had been decided that the Throne should be offered [illegible]nearest Protestant relation of the Stuarts, and this gentle[illegible]s found to be the Elector of Hanover, whose mother was [illegible]ter of the English Princess Elizabeth, whose father was [illegible] James I. When, therefore, the English Parliament [illegible] to Hanover to inform the Elector that he was King of [illegible]ere was an "upset" in the pretty German town, such [illegible]ns in the most excitable of Courts.

The Stodginess of King George I.

[illegible]n of the Elector of Hanover as King of England [illegible] hundred years ago. For years the Elector [illegible] powerful, though licentious, career at his own [illegible]nover. How his *liaison* with Melusina Schulenberg [illegible] not matter: it is sufficient that they were neither any [illegible] in their first youth, and that the marriage of the Elector [illegible] Princess of Zell had in no way interfered between the [illegible]tor and Melusina. The Elector's wife was rather a pretty [illegible] and might have made a beautiful and gracious Queen of England, if she had had a chance. But she never had it. The Elector was a man of stodgy habits, and when the day's work was done he loved to seek out his Melusina in the solemn quiet of her apartment, and sit for hours smoking his pipe, with a mug of beer by his side, and calmly watch her cut quaint patterns in sheets of paper. By the time they arranged his marriage with a Royal princess the Elector had got so used to his quiet life with Melusina that any other woman bored him if he had to entertain her. The result was that Sophia Dorothea of Zell soon found a lover who hadn't got used to some other woman, and when the Elector heard of it he promptly ordered her incarceration in a fortress, where she languished for the next thirty years of her life and then died, unhonoured and unsung. Her lover, Count von Konigsmarck, was murdered.

The Parting with Hanover.

Thus, in the year 1714, we find the Royal menage in Hanover city suddenly plunged into despair by the arrival of the English deputation come to inform the Elector that he was no other than the rightful "King of Great Britain, France and Ireland." It is true he never reigned over one square inch of France, but that was one of the now-departed delusions which the official style and title of the Kings of England cherished. It was bad enough, thought the Elector, being King of Great Britain and Ireland, and having to break the associations almost of a life-time, and come over to a country which thought Kings' heads looked best on the tops of pikes and on the scaffold. Poor George Guelph raved and swore, but nothing would alter the fact that he was King of England, and eventually he agreed to come to London, though he did it with the worst possible grace. But when it came to the women of his court, there was the deuce to pay. One after the other swore they would never leave Germany. And the boldest of all in this determination was Melusina Schulenberg. Her agony of mind distressed the Elector so much that he nearly refused once and for all to take up his new Crown. Melusina ran about the gardens, embracing the statues, kneeling in the grottos, and kissing the trees and plants, as if the very heart was being torn out of her at parting with them. And she would have kept her word if it had not been that her rival in the favours of the Elector quickly followed the new King to England, and thus compelled Melusina to follow suit.

The Truth from "The Man in the Street."

At last the new King of England arrived at Dover with his Court, his Turks, his Germans, and his mistresses, and soon the whole country was agog with stories of the quaint gang who had come over to rule the land. None of them could speak a word of English properly; few had any acquaintance at all with the language. The little King—for the first of our Georges was of diminutive stature—was invariably hidden behind the petticoats of his two tall ladies—one of whom, Melusina Schulenberg, was tall and bony, and the other, the Baroness von Kielmansegg, was so huge and double-chinned as to be instantly dubbed "The Elephant." There was, of course, a great cavalcade all the way from Dover to London, and the whole country turned out to see the show. But wherever the new Royalties appeared, derision greeted them, and all sorts of funny rhymes and limericks were made up at King George's expense. As they passed through the streets of London Melusina Schulenberg popped her head out of the carriage window, and said to the scoffers, "Goot peoples, vy you abuse us! Ve only gom vor your goots!" "And for our chattels, too, —— you!" replied one of the wits of the streets, and the crowds roared at the sally. And Time proved that the word, spoken in jest, was indeed a true one!

Melusina Schulenberg soon got over her grief at parting with Hanover. No sooner had she settled down in St. James's Palace than she began to exercise that influence over the Court which lasted unbroken till the King's death. And soon she was herself waxing rich beyond the dreams of avarice. The King having arranged his unfortunate wife's life so that he need never meet her again, placed the whole of the queenly prerogative in Melusina's hands; and well did she use it—to her own advantage, that is. Nothing could be done in England until *her* palm had been greased. Whoever desired an appointment under the government had to go upon his bended knee to the Schulenberg, and offer *her* baksheesh. Horace Walpole says, "She would have sold the King's honour at a shilling advance to the last bidder!"

Melusina Proceeds to "Feather Her Nest."

When it served her purpose, she took Royal appointments into her own hands and flagrantly sold them like so many pots and pans. Sometimes she kept them for herself, in order that she might draw the revenues without having to pay a single shilling out of them for work done. For instance, when the Duke of Somerset resigned the Mastership of the King's Horse, Melusina Schulenberg saw an opportunity of securing a handsome annual sum of £7,500, and so she refused to fill up the job, and collared the money herself. Peerages she sold to all and sundry, so long as they could pay her price: the Customs departments all paid her toll; bishopries were for sale at *her* stall; and pensions galore fell into her lap. Naturally, such a woman could not long go without her proper meed of titular rank. She began with the Irish title of Baroness Dundalk; soon she made herself Countess and Marchioness of Duncannon; and ere long she took to herself the highest rank as Duchess of Munster.

Melusina Soars to the Empyrean.

Melusina's money-making reached its highest point with the exploitation of the infamous South Sea scheme. Naturally the promoters could do nothing without *her* sanction, and this they only secured by pouring a large percentage of their profits into her coffers. Hundreds of people committed suicide when the bubble burst, but the Duchess of Munster cared nothing, so long as *her* till had been well filled. In the zenith of her glory she decided that her Irish dukedom was not good enough for her. So she caused the Heralds College to patent her as Baroness of Glastonbury; Countess of Feversham and Duchess of Kendal, and as "Duchess of Kendal" she has gone down to history. In her own country she caused the King of Prussia to create her "Princess of Eberstein," so that her meed of glory was full to the brim. The King of Prussia was, by the way, King George's brother-in-law, for he had married the aforetime Elector of Hanover's sister. This lady was the only woman whom King George I. ever truly loved. When she died his grief was tragic. The news of the Queen of Prussia's demise gave him such a shock that for five days he was unable to eat, drink, or sleep. The poor King kept walking about and wailing all the time, and as he had a habit of walking very close to the wall, and knocking his toes against the wainscotting, he wore out his shoes so quickly during his grief that his toes hung out two inches at the foot. All this time he refused to see anyone, until at last his Turkish attendant, Mahomet, brought in the Duke of York without announcing him. When the King saw the Duke he fell upon his neck and wept bitterly. Eventually they got the King to bed, and compelled him to stay there until he had had a refreshing sleep.

A Prophecy that Came True.

In Germany it was always said that the King had married Melusina "with the left hand." This, of course, conveyed nothing to the English, whose knowledge of the customs of foreign courts was almost nil, but it meant a great deal in Hanover. In any case, for thirty years the Duchess of Kendal was practically Queen of England, and she exercised much more actual power than any queen could in these days. For instance, she controlled even the coinage of the country, and made money all the time. For the privilege of coining copper in Ireland a man named Wood paid her £14,000, and other large sums for similar Royal appointments continually fell into her pockets. By King George she had one daughter, of whose fate history is curiously silent. For the Duchess of Kendal it may be said that she was always faithful to the King—a fact due, probably, as much to her plainness as to her virtue. In the King's old age she accompanied him back to Hanover for the last time. The death had occurred of the King's unfortunate wife, Sophia Dorothea of Zell, and the King went over to Hanover for her obsequies. The Duchess of Kendal was indispensable to the King, and went with him everywhere. On the journey a fortune-teller prophesied that he would not live a year after his wife's death, and the prophecy came true. Some months after the funeral trip the King and the Duchess of Kendal paid another visit to Hanover, and on the way the King became seriously ill. The Duchess hastened the expedition, and as the carriage came in sight of the Royal palace the King succumbed, and the Duchess closed his eyes in death. Her grief was hysterical, for there is no doubt she truly loved King George, and for some months she isolated herself with her despair. But eventually she returned to England, where she had some palatial residences, and [illegible] she lived to enjoy her ill-gotten wealth. She was superstitious, and was always persuaded that the spirit of King [illegible] would one day return to her. And so it happened: for [illegible] a large raven flew in at her window at Isleworth. [illegible] was persuaded that it was the spirit of her beloved [illegible] as Horace Walpole tells us, "she received and treated [illegible] with all the respect and tenderness of duty, till the Royal [illegible] or she took their last flight!"

Next Week:

THE AMAZING STORY OF EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU, THE ENGLISH DON JUAN AND [illegible] .. SON OF THE DUKE OF KINGSTON.

The man who gets the most of it may not get [illegible]

* * *

When you meet a man of few words it's a safe bet [illegible] married.

* * *

We never heard of a rich man who had to advertise [illegible] long lost kin.

* * *

Some people never talk about anything but the weather. Luckily this is the climate for them.

* * *

Cupidity is what enables the get-rich-quick [illegible] remain in love with his profession.

* * *

Even the man who occasionally admits to himself [illegible] he is a coward will resent an insinuation from another.

MISTAKES COMPETITION.

This competition is suspended

Last week's winner was—

MR. J. W. LEVETT,
1, Listria Park, Stamford Hill, LONDON, N.

JOKES COMPETITION.

The Editor offers a prize of 10s. each week to the [illegible] who sends the Best Joke suitable for illustration. [illegible] and topical jokes will, of course, stand the best chance, [illegible] a really good chestnut which has not been out for [illegible] lately will also be in the running. The current [illegible] be consulted for an idea of the kind of thing we [illegible] Competition will be judged at noon on Wednesday [illegible] week, and late arrivals will be included among the [illegible] petitors of the succeeding week. Envelopes or [illegible] must be marked "Joke Competition," and addressed to the Editor, *Modern Life*, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries in this column.

H. R. Smith (Liverpool).—You may use any name you like, change it as often as you like. If, however, the [illegible] your right to any property descending by will, etc., you must [illegible] deed and have it enrolled at the Royal Courts of [illegible] the change in your local papers. But this procedure [illegible]

Paddy (Bryanston Sq., W.).—You have no legal right [illegible] if your friend is willing, we do not see why the police should [illegible] them to you. That is for them to decide.

J.B.R. (Stony Stratford).—You would not be admitted [illegible] duction even if we gave you the address. Why not try to [illegible] your reminiscences. Have passed your query to "Orthos."

W.C. (Tiverton).—The date of the Bath meeting is August [illegible] ing."

B.E. (Totton).—Write to Messrs. W. and G. Foyle for book [illegible]

Leslie (Margate).—"Old Hand" gave five winners, one [illegible] third, last week.

Miss M. (Southend).—No, you did not see the Sub-Editor [illegible] last week-end. He was in bed.

C.P. (Streatham).—Your offer declined with thanks. We [illegible] dog show.

S.W. (Derby).—The best cure for a sore throat is to [illegible]

K.G. (Folkestone).—No, a yellow tie with green spots [illegible] with white flannels.

H.V. (Torquay).—Thanks for your kind remarks! We like [illegible]

G. C. (Manchester).—Choosing wedding presents for someb[illegible] know is a thankless task, which we decline. We do not think [illegible] that it would be tactful to give him a copy of "Paradise Lost" [illegible] of his literary tastes.

Rip (Llandudno).—A schemer is a man who points out the [illegible] of a cloud and then proceeds to borrow your umbrella.

MODERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Amateur Athletic Championships decided at Stamford ... were quite up to the traditions, but it was noticeable ... several holders did not figure in defending their title. ... the most interesting events, one must start ... urdles. Here we found a representative of the ... sses from the North of England in Gray as the ... it is just possible that his success will lead to ... this particular branch of sport. For a long ... has associated University men with the hurdles, ... absence of Anderson the event was promised to ... thing for Kenneth Powell. It will be remembered ... ortherners practically showed the Southerners how ... Rugby forward game, and Gray's success is most ... forerunner of other hurdling victories in ...

... and Hutson there were two holders who ... ly, and the four mile run of Hutson was

... ing a long way to witness. It was a pity that Hutson ... really pushed. Glover made the pace for him, but ... champion ... of a mile in sixty seconds. Possibly we shall see ... one of these days, and there are fine runners ... ment would be exceedingly useful in assisting ... clip several seconds off his best. However, we ... what we shall see. Of course, Hutson put in that ... sprint last year. Applegarth put up the best time ... furlong ever accomplished in the championships. ... Applegarth and Jacobs had previously done the ... in 21 4-5 sec., and so far back as 1887 Wood returned ... time. Applegarth cut off one-fifth second from ... He also did the hundred in 10 dead, but the best ... ship time was Patching's 9 4-5 sec. last year.

... Swedish contingent had a big say in the events. The ... spectators dearly like to see the foreign element com- ... and it is not a little curious that a foreign win is ... The Hammer, the half-mile, the pole jump, ... all went to the Swedes.

... large crowd out of the public, and the various ... seemed ostensibly to time, and at no period could ... it be said that the sports dragged.

NOTES OF THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS.

... ht and less ago Maurice McLoughlin was hailed ... awn tennis wonder of the world. True, his service ... an eye-opener, but his general skill was wanting, and ... the challenge round with Wilding he seemed obsessed by the occasion, and his faults and double faults were frequent. In that match the Californian lost nine aces through double faults, and he served innumerable first faults. It was interesting to see how Wilding dealt with McLoughlin's lightning services, and at the outset the New Zealander was undecided as to his best position to receive the service. For the first, Wilding eventually stood well clear of the base line, but for the second he encroached to the base line. It is difficult to realise Wilding's great possibilities, for remembering how easily McLoughlin accounted for his various opponents, and how he only lost one set until he appeared in the challenge round, Wilding surprised all by taking his match in three straight sets. It seems that when British champions lose against invaders, there is a tendency to exaggerate the prowess of the victors. One thing such treatment does is to minimise the defeat of our own men. McLoughlin is a great lawn-tennis player, but he would not be able to improve if the estimate of him as published by the critics was a perfectly correct one. One will never forget that game between Wilding and McLoughlin, and the Wimbledon officials must have regretted that there was not accommodation for all who desired to see the match. Many would-be spectators grumbled because of the want of room, but until this year's championships there has usually been satisfaction with the provision made.

English enthusiasts will now look forward to the challenge round of the Davis Cup. In H. Roper Barrett, A. W. Gore and C. P. Dixon we have the old brigade, and on the assumption that a good old 'un is better than a bad young 'un the English trio may be expected to do well. It will be remembered that Roper Barrett gave McLoughlin a close run in the championships, and that cheery and short player played a magnificent game with Dixon in the doubles against the German pair, and extremely fine generalship was introduced. But could Roper Barrett last well in the case of a hard five-set? There will be some who will say, unhesitatingly, "No." Nous verrons!

AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP OF FRANCE.

In the very first round of the golf championship of France, England had a very big set back in losing the English amateur champion. It must have been a bitter disappointment for Hilton. Hilton's conqueror, however, was beaten in the very next round by Lord Charles Hope. In addition to Stearns playing well, some of the other Americans covered themselves with glory, but there was a keen sense of satis-

faction, at any rate from a patriotic point of view, that the final was fought out between two Englishmen, Lassen and Lord Hope. Lord Hope succeeded, and he follows the Hon. Michael Scott in the title. Lassen was five down at one stage of the game, but so well did he recover, and so persistently did his Lordship find trouble, that with four to play the match was all square. Those last four holes were all halved, and the issue was decided on the thirty-seventh green.

THE FIRST HUNDRED-WICKET BOWLER.

Last year Sidney Pegler, the South African, was the first bowler to get the hundred wickets, but the first bowler this year to achieve the distinction did so one day sooner, July 8th. Major Booth, the Yorkshire professional, is a worthy successor to such great Yorkshire bowlers as Rhodes, Hirst and Haigh, and the "Pudsey Major" has to be congratulated. It looked as though the race would be betwee and Hitch, but the fast bowler was left behind as wickets of the watery nature took the place of the fast and dry wickets. Booth is a batsman, too, and fore we may see him losing his b long, just in the same manner as R time in a season that the hundred wickets have b was June 12th, in 1880, when Jack Hearne was the s bowler. Albert Trott, another Middlesex bowl second earliest, on June 20th, in 1899.

In this connection it is interesting to note that Jac has taken 100 wickets in fifteen separate seasons, year from 1891 to 1904, except in 1901, when he fell of the number by one; his name is to be found and then after five years' absence he re-appeared and last year also.

Cambridge beat Oxford by four wickets, thus their record of wins up to thirty-eight, while Oxfor claim thirty-three. Eight contests have ended in seventy-ninth game was a struggle from beginn and Cambridge possessed the upper hand There are occasions when winning the toss is not of blessings, and this game was one of the oc captain takes a lot of responsibility on himself sends in his opponents, and Campbell did not risk. The Oxford bats were worth more than 141, but Cambridge made a very late change, Naumann, Malvernian and slow left-hand bowler, taking the Baker, the Old Blue. This Freshman took eight w during the whole match, and with Lagden certainly did towards giving his side the victory. Eight wickets runs was a great record. Then Lagden made 71 respectively, a total of 116 out of an aggregate of than a third of the runs.

The wicket was always improving. mination of the 'Varsity men made eve cult. P. Havelock Davies bagged a pair, readily forget his first 'Varsity match. Strang ever, have happened in previous Inter-'Varsity

The social side of the match was quite in what is annually expected. As a function, the Cambridge cricket match is one of the most in the cricket year. Thousands of visitors to Lord's

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cricket. The ladies go to wear their pretty frocks, e portion of the crowd usually provide elegance . On a fine day Lord's dazzles with splendour, body who can should be able to say that he ha ast one 'Varsity match. It can safely be said that tween thirty and forty thousand people at ng the match, which says much for the popu- game, and pretty well half of the visitors were

e progress of the match there was a most im ent. It was at the time when the Hon. Alfred as being buried that the whole assembly stood in e-headed, for some moments, during which time Lord's was lowered to half-mast. The Hon. Alfred contracted an illness after playing in a cricket a few days previously.

BARRY AND PEARCE SCULLING RACE.

21st, Ernest Barry, of England, and Harry Pearce, lia, will try conclusions on the River Thames, the ace carrying with it the title of world's champion. hman should lose, then Harry Pearce will be champion of England and champion of the and he will hold a new championship cup, pre- by the "Sportsman," the previous trophy having won outright by Barry. A year ago Barry beat Dick who made the voyage from Australia. Previously had ... men Barry on the River Zambesi, just above rated Victoria Falls. Of course, there is a feeling ace is not so good as Arnst, and therefore Barry his race. Pearce fully understands that his and friend is the cleverest sculler living, but the alian is conscientiously training and is very hopeful ing Barry right to it, and if Barry should be one little s colour the challenger will be able to take advantage Dick Arnst used to be a champion cyclist, and he d as a possible heavyweight boxing champion. is a very good boxer, and his friends say that not wedded to the water and his boats he would men in the boxing world as he is in the sculling men have their followers, and just as one set Barry losing, so the other set cannot see Pearce

---

Rockefeller is described by Dr. Bustard, an Baptist parson, as "one of the rosebushes in God's A Standard rose, of course, and not without But perhaps the parson is out for some of Mr. 's palm oil.

SURPRISED.

Joque found a surprise awaiting him when he last night.
What was it?
His wife was asleep.

* * *

married woman begins to carry weight for age she for fear her husband may die and she will not be catch on again.

* * *

THE EARTH WAS SUFFERING.

ago, when her father purchased a country place a little Washington girl was afforded her first of things rural.
very early and her eye was immediately caught kle of the dew on the grass.
ddy," she observed, "it's hotter than I thought! all covered with perspiration!"

* * *

NO FANCY SHAVES FOR PAT.

ather was warm, and Pat decided to shave on the eh. Mrs. Casey, across the way, observed this.
she called, "shure an' Oi see ye air shavin' out-

e responded, "and did ye think Oi was fur-

* * *

THEN FRIENDSHIP SNAPPED.

What sort of game shall we play on those college Romantic love or just plain flirtation?
Let's divide up. I'll be romantic and you be the

* * *

THE PITH OF EXPERIENCE.

how the dear old gentleman who just has to pat on the head unerringly picks out the one with the mother.

It does not seem fair that a short man should have fewer opportunities of succeeding than a tall man, but it is a fact.

There are many things in life that do not seem fair. It is useless for us to grumble about them. What we have to do is to remedy matters as far as we can.

If a man sits down and grumbles because he is short, he is wasting time. What he ought to do is to increase his height.

This **can** be done by my system. The testimonials I am constantly receiving from my students prove it.

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your course I have added approximately three inches to my height."

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W. F. H. (Newport) writes: "I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

G. H. B. (Bradford) writes: "I have just completed your three months' course for increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was 4 feet 9½ inches, but it is now 5 feet, an increase of 2½ inches, which I think is very good."

A. K (Southsea) writes: "I am pleased to let you know that I have gained 2¼ inches."

Such testimony counts for more than any general assertions that I could make. The full names and addresses of these and many other students who heartily recommend my system will be sent to all interested readers. Write to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN,
Specialist in the Increase of Height,
Dept. M, 17, Stroud Green Road, LONDON, N.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

There never were such times for the investor, and of the bunch Home Rails are far and away the most attractive.

* * *

Pick out your stock where you like; in all cases the dividend yield is excellent.

* * *

Of the Heavies I prefer London and North-Western, Great Western and London and South-Western Ordinary, but among the others we find Brighton Deferred cheap at £90, and South-Eastern Deferred, Great Central Pref. or Districts are very enticing at present quotations.

* * *

I give below the dates that some of the railway companies have already intimated they will declare their half-yearly dividends: July 21, Lancashire and Yorkshire; 23rd, South-Eastern; 24th, Great Eastern, Metropolitan; 25th, Great Northern, London and South-Western, Midland, North Eastern; 29th, Great North of Scotland, Hull and Barnsley, North Staffordshire; 30th, Highland, London, Brighton and South Coast; August 1st, Great Central, London and North-Western, Great Western; 5th, Caledonian; 7th, North British.

* * *

Renewed heavy selling from the Continent has depressed numerous securities that are particularly favoured by Paris and Berlin. Canadas at one time collapsed to 214 owing to rumours of large new capital issued by the Company.

* * *

Then again, the severe reduction of the Linggi interim dividend encouraged a bear raid in the rubber share market, and prices were marked down substantially all round.

* * *

The rubber market is very dangerous for any small speculator or investor to touch just now, as there is so much uncertainty as to what the price of rubber will eventually fall to. It therefore is quite impossible to gauge future earnings of th rubber companies.

* * *

The Rand labour news is still very uncertain, and until we know the strike is definitely over and white as well as native labour has returned to work, we can hardly expect to see any substantial improvement in the South African market.

* * *

I quote below the report just received from the Simmer Deep, and as these £1 shares are now quoted at 3s. 3d. only they should be snapped up by all who have a little money to lay up.

Simmer Deep.—June: "Stamps, 180; tube mills, 9: tons, 61,100; ozs., 11,595: value, £49,252 7s. 10d.; profit, £5,148; total gold reserve, 1,250 oz." (Average monthly profit since commencement of current financial year, £6,381)—(Office note—Reduction in tonnage due to breakdown crusher station.)

* * *

In these days of heavy fluctuations on the Stock Exchange it is certainly best for readers with a little money to spare to put it into a flourishing company that is not affected by Balkan scares and Rand strikes. I refer to the Bowerman's Press, Limited, a publishing company who are the proprietors of two or three well-established publications, including this paper, and as the 1s. Ordinary shares of this concern are entitled to a 10 per cent. dividend ranking in priority to the Deferred Shares and afterwards participating in the full profits, they should prove a good investment, likely to yield high dividends, and the shares should double or treble in value in the next two or three years.

* * *

I shall be pleased to send an application form to any reader wishing to apply for some of these 1s. shares, which can now be obtained at par.

* * *

Among Industrials National Steam Cars should certainly be worth purchasing at the present price of 23s. 6d. I candidly cannot understand why these shares are quoted so low, as the Company is doing extremely well.

* * *

Oil shares have suffered on Continental liquidation with the result that we see Shells at just under five; and Spies Petroleum at only 19.

Premier Pipes have also shared [illegible] of Continental issues, falling to 15s. 3d., [illegible] have declined to 6s. 3d.

* * *

All these companies are doing well. They are the [illegible] in the Oil market and at present quotations are a cheap [illegible]

* * *

Labour fears in America somewhat disturb the [illegible] but there has been very little selling of the favourites, [illegible] Unions and Eries, both of which are decidedly [illegible] at the present prices.

* * *

Cements were not appreciably reduced by the [illegible] the British Cement Manufacturers, [illegible] in which the Company has a very large interest. I do not [illegible] recommend purchase of Cements.

* * *

Among West Africans Ashanti Gold Fields have [illegible] weak on the Labour difficulties. The 4s. shares of this Company, which can be bought at the present time at [illegible] are very cheap, as the Company is paying dividends [illegible] at the rate of 100 per cent. per annum.

* * *

I shall be pleased to forward the name and address of a member of the Stock Exchange to any reader who wishes to invest or speculate.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

Anxious (Harrow).—I have carefully gone through the list you sent [illegible] and can only advise you to sell No. 3. Brighton Ordinary or Great Northern Deferred are good to buy, but I cannot advise you to [illegible] the Rubber Market.

F. Smith (Lewisham).—The present is an excellent time for you to [illegible] stock if you have the money to take them up. I cannot advise you to [illegible] or Rubber Shares, but Shells, Spies, or Premier Oil are all right. [illegible] Oils, and in Rails, Brighton Ordinary, Great Central Pref., Districts, [illegible] Eastern Deferred or Great Northern Deferred are the [illegible] can secure 500 Bowerman's Press 1s. shares if you write [illegible] Secretary of the Company, Farringdon House, Farringdon [illegible]

F. R. (Bolton).—I have forwarded your application [illegible] man's Press 1s. shares, and I have given your name [illegible] whom you can buy Shells and Spies.

Sidney (Brixton).—I am afraid there is very little chance [illegible] any of your money back out of Amalgamated Props. It [illegible] for you to cut your loss now and get what you can [illegible] not buy Chartereds yet, but wait for more settled [illegible] market. Buy Simmer Deens instead, as these shares only [illegible] and would quickly respond to better markets.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ANY ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE, OR BY WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

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RACING.

BY "OLD HAND."

D. Maher has been riding in this country for close on thirteen seasons and has frequently shown to great advantage over the peculiar course at Alexandra Park. In all he has steered thirty-one winners there, which number is made up as follows: Season 1901, 2; 1904, 1; 1905, 1; 1906, 3; 1907, 1; 1908, 6; 1909, 1; 1910, 5; 1911, 6; 1912, 3; and the remaining couple at the recent meetings. These were Durian and Questa II., both of whom started at the nice price of six to one. It is interesting to note that "Danny's" first mount over the course was Bon Mot, in April, 1901, and it proved a winner. Despite his successes our crack jockey is reported to dislike the course.

So Uncle Pat has at last won a race in this country, the Irish-bred son of Bushey Park and Ardreagh carrying off the Newstead Welter Plate at Nottingham last Tuesday. His only other success was at the Curragh as a two-year-old, when he beat Velociter and Great Surprise. What a disappointment this animal must have proved to his owner and trainers (R. Day and C. Wood). When under the charge of the last-named Uncle Pat did manage to finish second to Long Set in last year's Lincolnshire Handicap, and started favourite for this year's "Lincoln," but performed very moderately.

Mr. I. Wheatcroft has been in this country some two months and had the pleasure of seeing his colours (cream, burnt orange collar, cuffs and cap) carried to victory at Alexandra Park recently, by the aid of Durian, a cast-off from Farquharson's stable. The daughter of Ian was prepared for this race by J. Wood, at Epsom, and Mr. Wheatcroft, who is an American, has placed some yearlings under the charge of this capable trainer. Owing to the shutting down of racing in the United States, Mr. Wheatcroft has sent 40 youngsters to Australia.

Desmond, the sire of Aboveur and Craganour, was found dead in his box at Adare, Co. Limerick, recently. He was bred by Lord Dunraven, being foaled in 1906, and retired to stud when a four-year-old, at a fee of 25 guineas which eventually reached 250 guineas. Besides being the sire of the two classic colts mentioned above, Desmond was responsible for the siring of many winners, including Maria Mor, Land League, The White Knight, Sir Archibald, Charles O'Malley, Demosthenes, Knockfeerna, Hall Cross, Lomond, Fairy King, Stornoway, and Hapsburg.

Walter Griggs is riding in splendid form just now, and at Nottingham last Tuesday he rode the winners of four of the six races.

Dick Deadeye, who is thought useful by his trainer, Felix Leach, is minus an eye. This is not much of a drawback, and he should be followed when the class is not too high, for when seen out at the Newmarket first July meeting he ran green.

Stedfast is receiving a special preparation for the Liverpool Summer Cup, run on the 25th of this month, and Lord Derby's horse is likely to carry top weight with prominence.

Poor Boy is undergoing good work with a view to the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, and it is more than probable that he will improve upon last year's second, and credit Mr. Sol Joel with this race.

This week we are assured of good sport, the meetings being Newmarket—Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday—the week winding up with Sandown Park on Friday and Saturday.

The race of the week is the Eclipse Stakes, run on the opening day of the Sandown meeting. This event is regarded generally as a match between Tracery and Louvois, although the Irish Derby winner, Bachelor's Wedding, the "dark" Harry of Hereford, and Lomond can also compete. It should be a great contest, as both Tracery and Louvois are reported to have recovered from their exertions at Ascot, from where the latter returned slightly sore, and Mr. A. Belmont's horse was the victim of the Gold Cup incident. Bachelor's Wedding has proved himself a good stayer, but I do not expect him to account for the Newmarket cracks or Lomond. From this trio the winner should spring, and in deciding between them I shall expect

TRACERY

to concede Mr. D. Raphael's colt 12lb., with Lomond occupying third position.

A FACT worth noting
DIAMONDS ARE TRUMPS

The Editor of "JOHN BULL" on Feb. 1st, stated:—

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W. Blackshaw, The Lea, Denham, Bucks.
F. Colchin, jun., Woolpack Inn, Iwade, Kent.
T. Smith, 241, High Street, Porth, Glam.
W. Phillips, 34, The Park, Treharris.
H. Cowdery, Foresters Arms, Coxgreen, Maidenhead.
E. Ainley, 10, Hamilton Street, Old Trafford, Manchester.

Winners of £100

J. J. Stephenson, 42, Durham Rd, Stockton-on-Tees.
J. Parrish, 165, North Road, Clayton, Manchester.
J. Dixon, 149, Albert Street, Millom, Cumberland.
C. E. Page, 1, Royal Villas, Maxton, Dover.
H. Hack, 30, Little Earl St., Shaftesbury Av., London.
A. Thompson, 29, Cockspur Street, Pall Mall, London.
Mrs. Oliver, 22, Nicolson Street, Edinburgh.
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At the same meeting the following day, the National Breeders' Produce Stakes is down for decision. This is the race for which The Tetrarch is in reserve. Other entries are Louvence (half-sister to Louvois), Hapsburg, Evansdale and Black Jester. I shall expect Mr. McCalmont's colt,

THE TETRARCH,

to retain his unbeaten certificate.

At headquarters on Tuesday the Dullingham Plate will be decided. Mr. Hulton and Lord Carnarvon are each responsible for a couple of entries, but if

PRINCE PALATINE

competes I see no reason to look elsewhere for the winner. In the event of him being absent I should expect Lord Carnarvon's best (Mohacz or Tuxedo) to carry off this race from whichever Mr. Hulton starts, his candidates being Waiontha and Thistleton.

On Wednesday the July Handicap will be run. We can expect a good sized field to assemble at the post for this event. Several trainers are doubly represented, and it is a difficult race to deal with, but I shall expect Sleipner, Mediator, Highwayside, Joyner's selected and Diadumenos to provide the winner. and in declaring for

HIGHWAYSIDE

I do so with the knowledge that he has been doing extra well in his work with a view to taking this event. Joyner is responsible for no fewer than four, and his best should be the danger.

Down for decision on the concluding day of the Newmarket second July meeting is the Summer Handicap. Some good handicap horses are engaged, and I prefer the chances of Scot's Saint, Lance Chest, Clarenceux, The Tylt and Fortyfoot. The first named was unlucky when fourth to Lorenzo in the Manchester Cup, and previously this season carried off the Liverpool Spring Cup. Lance Chest showed us that he has quite recovered his form by carrying off the valuable Princess of Wales' Stakes at the last meeting here, from Catmint and Fortyfoot. The last mentioned then received 25lb., and as Major Eustace Loder's colt is now penalised 10lb., he now meets Fortyfoot on 18lb. less favourable terms, which should enable Mr. J. A. de Rothschild's colt to reverse the placings. As Clarenceux has not run this season I cannot take him on my side and shall declare for

FORTYFOOT,

who is so favourably treated.

My other selections are as follows:

NEWMARKET—Tuesday.

Beaufort Stakes: Agapanthus.
Khedive Plate; Lanius.

Wednesday.

Swaffham Handicap: Newmarket.
Two-Year-Old Sale Stakes: Bellechase.

Thursday.

Bury Handicap: Sunningdale.
Midsummer Stakes: Great Sport.

SANDOWN—Friday.

Victoria Handicap; Entebbe.
Great Kingston Plate: Pictorial.

Saturday.

Coombe July Plate: Scoltie.
Surrey Handicap: Sulchi.

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

"Fit Guaranteed."

I am often surprised to see good tailors use this expression in their circulars and advertisements. I look upon "fit" in clothes as a matter of course, a thing taken for granted—an item, which, if wanting, means the refusal by the customer, and the relegation to the shelf of the tailor, of the offending garments.

* * *

What we want to-day is *style* and fit, and the former is the more difficult of attainment. Naturally the colour and the pattern of the material selected have a great deal to do with the good or ill appearance of the clothes. The good tailor will advise in this, but often the customer has his own ideas, and will "gang his own gait."

* * *

Where the tailor comes in on style is his knowledge of the shaping and the contour which will best suit the figure he has to deal with.

* * *

Now comes the point I am aiming at. The sewing machine is an admirable piece of mechanism, and reduces very much the cost of a number of yards of seaming and sewing; but it is mechanical, and does not give curves and contours with the soft sympathy of the human hand.

* * *

Therefore, in even quite a cheap suit, upon which there is bound to be a great deal of machine work, find out if your tailor can arrange, for a few shillings extra, to put hand work on to the portions which are the better of it.

* * *

I need not go into all the details, but just instance the collar. This, when machined on, is unshapely, but if manipulated on by hand by a good workman, fits neatly and snugly to the circle of the neck. The increased style of the collar sets off the whole coat, and is well worth a little more money.

* * *

Again—a man with prominent calves cannot expect a pair of trousers with machined leg seams to shape as they should and might do.

* * *

I bought a few days ago some new underwear for the summer weather, and the under-vests were built on, to me, new lines.

* * *

The body part was rather longer than I have usually had it, and instead of being in a piece, opened all the way down in front, fastening with buttons. I find the notion cool, comfortable, and convenient.

* * *

In cycling knickers always have the seat double cloth; of course, in the same material. While the double cloth is there, it is distinctly more comfortable wear, and when the outer piece gets worn or shiny, you have the second layer to fall back upon—or sit down upon—whichever wording suits you best.

* * *

Also, in cycling knickers, have the pockets cross, not side, and either one or two hip pockets, roomy, with flap and button.

* * *

When you discard your vest and strap it on to your handle-bar, as you will often wish to do in summer, an ample supply of pockets, which will hold the contents safely, is a great convenience.

* * *

For your watch, the old fob pocket on the right side of the knickers is also a good idea. You don't want your gold repeater mixed up in a trouser pocket with keys, coppers, and match-box.

* * *

The fashion oracles are constantly calling out for more colour in men's apparel, and some of the waistcoat designs now being shown are apparently designed with a view to this.

* * *

Ladies are now reviving to some extent the old Paisley shawl patterns and colourings, and I saw a man's waistcoat recently made from one of these. I should recommend the purchaser of this waistcoat either not to wear it, or to do so where the rude street boy will not have an opportunity to chip him.

An inexpensive and unobtrusive protector for a watch is got by having a half-inch slit made in the side of the pocket an inch or so from the top. Through this the watch guard is passed, and it makes quite an obstacle to the enterprising pickpocket.

* * *

H.H., of Blackburn, wishes to know the latest smart style for a navy blue lounge suit, one that would have a smart appearance. He says he is almost six feet tall and thin.

* * *

H.H. should have his suit cut double-breasted, to give more breadth of appearance to his slim figure. The lappels should be broad and also long. Waisting should not be attempted, and the back should have a deepish slit. If he felt so disposed, he could also with advantage have the vest cut double-breasted, with three buttons, and well cut away at bottoms.

* * *

V. C., writing me from Easington Lane (where that is I do not know) encloses a pattern of brown striped cashmere, and asks what colour of tie and gloves he might appropriately wear with a suit of this material.

* * *

I should recommend him to wear a tie of brownish tone of colour, with subdued pattern. Chamois gloves go well with this or practically any other suit, and if the light shade of these seems rather startling, V. C. will soon find that wear and dust will tone down the colour rapidly and effectively.

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